

The Musical World.

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MEMOIR OF THE LATE CHARLES KEAN.

Charles John Kean was born on the 18th January, 1811. In his veins, as in those of many of our most illustrious Britons, English and Irish blood commingled in equal proportions. He first saw the light at Waterford, a city which may lay claim to high dramatic celebrity, having also given to the stage Dorothea Jordan and Tyrone Power. His mother, whose maiden name was Chambers, came of a reputable Irish family long settled in Munster. Unforeseen reverses having compelled her to take to the stage as a means of livelihood, she became acquainted with her destined husband, Edmund Kean, while they were both fulfilling a professional engagement in England—he being then under twenty, and she some years older. It was at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, in the summer of 1808, that she contracted with him the marriage which made her an illustrious mother but a most unhappy wife. The newly-married couple proceeded shortly afterwards to Ireland, and Barry Cornwell tells us, in his life of Edmund Kean, that a few days before the birth of her eldest son, Howard, who died in infancy, Mrs. Kean played the heroine in a grand romantic melo-drama dazzlingly entitled *The Virgin of the Sun*. Lord Macaulay has been at the same pains to prove that Charles Kean was entitled, in right of his father, to such social prestige as may belong to patrician descent.

"It is perhaps not generally known" (writes the historian) "that some adventurers who, without advantages of fortune or position, made themselves conspicuous by the mere force of ability, inherited the blood of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. He left a natural son, Henry Carey, whose dramas once drew crowded audiences to the theatres, and some of whose gay and spirited verses still live in the memory of hundreds of thousands. From Henry Carey descended that Edmund Kean who in our own time transformed himself so marvellously into Shylock, Iago, and Othello."

This Henry Carey left a son, George Savile Carey, whose daughter, Ann Carey, was the reputed mother of the great tragedian. The question of his maternal lineage, however, was one which Edmund Kean appears to have regarded as a matter of very trivial consequence. He supported his mother, and allowed her an annuity; but we are assured that he "sometimes doubted and questioned" her title to noble extraction. It is a fact, which hardly seems as well known as it deserves to be, that Edmund was not the first Kean who figured upon the stage. His uncle, Moses Kean, was a member of the Drury Lane company, and played Glumdalca in 1776, the same year that Mrs. Siddons made her first appearance in London. The year of Charles Kean's birth was one of some note in English annals, being that in which were won three of the great Peninsular battles—Barrosa, Albuera, and Fuentes d'Onore, and that also on which the Prince of Wales became Regent of the United Kingdom. It was a busy, anxious time, full of adventure and excitement; but they tell us that the drama prospered in those bustling days, and that the theatres were mightily crowded, notwithstanding the heavy taxes and the continual drain of a war which seemed to resemble an interminable chancery suit or a never-ending game at chess. Each of the six succeeding years was signalized by some event of extraordinary interest in the dramatic world. Mrs. Siddons retired in 1812, followed by Mrs. Jordan in 1814, and by Jack Bannister in 1815. Against these serious losses were to be set three brilliant gains—Miss O'Neill made a triumphant *début* in 1813; Edmund Kean flashed like a meteor upon the town in 1814; and, two years later, William Charles Macready came out with great *éclat*, at once establishing for himself a position of eminence, which he retained till the close of his professional career. But Edmund Kean outstripped all rivals. He was the cynosure of every eye, "the expectancy and rose" of the fair state of the drama. His first appearance, as Shylock, at Drury Lane, was as magnificent a success as any recorded in the history of the British stage. He left his humble lodgings for the theatre with a heavy heart, believing in himself, yet doubting, whether the public would partake his faith. But he had literally gone where glory waited him, and he returned a hero. "Now, Mary," said he to his wife, "you shall ride in your own carriage, and Charles shall go to Eton."

Time sped on, aggrandizing the fame of the new tragedian, and bestowing his path with golden opportunities which, had his prudence been equal to his genius, would infallibly have guided him to fortune. After a sojourn of some years at the preparatory schools of Mr. Styles, at Thames Ditton, and of Rev. E. Polehampton, at Worplesdon, and afterwards at Greenford, near Harrow, Charles entered Eton as an "oppidan" in June, 1824, Dr. Goodall being then provost, and Dr. Keate high master. His tutor was the Rev. J. Chapman, afterwards Bishop of Colombo. During his residence at Eton, Charles made satisfactory progress in his studies and acquired considerable reputation for his skill in what was then one of the most important of academic exercises—the manufacture of Latin verses. He also excelled in fencing, an accomplishment which he found highly serviceable in after life, when he was universally admitted to be one of the most finished swordsmen upon the stage. Cricket, too, was one of his favourite sports, and

he was accounted so expert a leader in aquatics that he was chosen second captain of the "Long Boats," an enviable distinction among Etonians. In the list of his contemporaries and associates at school were the late Duke of Newcastle, the late Marquis of Waterford, Lords Eglington, Sandwich, Selkirk, Boscowen, Canning, Walpole, Adare, and Alford; Messrs. W. Gladstone, Somerset, Cowper, Holmes, Savile, Craven, Wentworth, Middleton, Watt, Russell, Alexander, Eyre, &c. As the time approached for leaving school the question of what profession he should adopt had of course to be considered. His mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, preferred the Church; his own inclination was strongly in favour of the army. It was soon discovered that neither project could be realized. Edmund Kean was now, to use a homely phrase, "off the rails." His inveterate habits of dissipation had not only alienated his friends, and exhausted the patience of the public, but broken down his health and dimmed the lustre of his once matchless genius. His funds were all gone, and ruin was staring him in the face. In this unhappy state of things Charles was obliged to strike out for himself a very different path of life from any that had been hitherto proposed for him. He determined to go upon the stage.

The circumstances under which this resolution was taken, and the considerations that urged him to it, are of peculiar interest, and do great honour to his memory. They may be best described in the language of his biographer:—

"Charles, who had for some time suspected the total derangement of his father's affairs, was startled into conviction by a pressing letter from his mother, received during his last half year at Eton, in the early part of 1827, entreating him to come home to her immediately. He obtained permission to absent himself for a few days, and hastened to London. He found her suffering the most intense anxiety, and she implored him not to leave her. It appeared that Mr. Calcraft, a Member of Parliament, and one of the most influential of the Drury Lane committee of that day, had offered to procure for him a cadetship in the East India Company's Service. His father thought the offer too eligible to be declined, and, in giving notice that he intended to accept it, ordered his son to make instant preparations for his departure. Mrs. Kean had been entirely separated from her husband for two or three years; she was reduced to a pitiable state of health, nearly bed-ridden, helpless as an infant, and without a single relative to whom she could look for succour or consolation. Weighing these circumstances well, Charles Kean formed his determination, and sought an interview with his father at the Hummums, Covent Garden, where he resided at that time, to bring matters to a final understanding. Edmund Kean was then precariously situated. He had dissipated his realized capital, and was living from day to day on the uncertain earnings which might cease altogether with increasing infirmities. He still commanded a large salary when able to work; but his power of continuing that supply was little to be depended on. He told his son that there remained no alternative for him but to accept the offer of the cadetship; that he would provide his Indian outfit, and this being done he must depend thenceforth entirely upon his own exertions, and never apply to him for any future support or assistance. Charles replied that he was perfectly contented, and willing to embrace these conditions, provided something like an adequate allowance was secured to his mother. Finding that his father no longer had it in his power to promise this with any degree of certainty, he respectfully but firmly told him that he would not leave England while his mother lived, and declined, with thanks, the kind proposal of Mr. Calcraft. This answer excited the anger of the elder Kean to the highest pitch; he gave way to the most intemperate passion, and a painful scene ensued. 'What will you do,' said he, 'when I discard you, and you are thrown entirely on your own resources?' 'In that case,' replied the son, 'I shall be compelled to seek my fortune on the stage (the father smiled in derision), and though I may never rise to eminence, or be a great actor, I shall at least obtain a livelihood for my mother and myself, and be obliged to no one.' The father stormed, repeating with almost inarticulate fury what he had often said before, that he was resolved to be the first and last tragedian of the name of Kean. The son endured a torrent of vituperation without losing his temper or forgetting the respect which, under any circumstances, he felt to be still due to a parent. They parted, and from that hour all intercourse between them was suspended."

This happened in the spring of 1827. In the following July Charles left Eton "for good," and, coming up to London, found his mother still in poverty and affliction. His father had fallen out with the authorities at Drury Lane, and seceded to Covent Garden, then under the management of Charles Kemble, but, though now again in receipt of a good income, he no longer contributed to the support of his wife. At this juncture Charles had the good fortune to be befriended by Mr. Stephen Price, the well-known American manager, who believing that there was a magic still lurking in the name of Kean, offered him a salary of £10 a week, to be increased to £11 and £12 during the second and third years in case of success. The future course of the young adventurer being now marked out, his first appearance upon any stage took place upon the boards of "Old Drury" on the opening night of the season, Monday, Oct. 1, 1827. Young Norval, in *Home's* tragedy

of *Douglas*, was the character selected for the occasion. The play was cast as follows:—

Young Norval	["His first appearance on any stage.]	Mr. Charles Kean.
Lord Randolph	Mr. Mude.
Glenlynn	Mr. Wallack.
Old Norval	Mr. Collier.
Lady Randolph	Mrs. West.
Anna	Mrs. Knight.

The result of this experiment was not encouraging: it was very much the reverse. Charles was well received when first he came out upon the stage, but his performance failed to awaken the slightest enthusiasm in the audience. They barely tolerated him. Some of the best theatrical critics of the day—Mr. Talfourd in the number—did not consider him deserving of mention, and those who deigned to notice him did so with all but unanimous disfavour. One of his father's most enthusiastic admirers described the young actor's performance as "just such a one as would have been highly creditable to a school-boy acting in conjunction with his companions for the amusement of their parents on a breaking-up day," adding that in a few days he would probably "sink into nothingness." Instead of taking the town by storm, as his father had done, Charles found that he was powerless to awaken even a transient emotion of interest. He left the theatre a sadder, if not a wiser, man than he had entered it, and returned to his mother in deep dejection.

Much has been said about the benefit Charles Kean derived from the heritage of an illustrious name. It may well be doubted whether the inheritance did not operate rather to his injury than his advancement. The sons of great men have so often shamed their sires that their failure has in all nations passed into a proverb. The Virgilian maxim, "*Sequiturque patrem non passibus aqua;*" may serve as an illustration. There is a French couplet which gives more pungent expression to the same thought—

"Messieurs les grands hommes d'ailleurs si estimables
Ont fort peu de succès à faire leur semblables."

This is felt to be true as a general rule, despite the occurrence of occasional exceptions. So strong is the temptation to institute between a father and a son a comparison injurious to the latter, and so often does experience justify the adverse judgment, that there is good reason to conclude that Charles Kean's parentage, like that of other men similarly situated, did him more harm than good at the commencement of his career. The shadow of a great name made it all the more difficult for him to emerge from obscurity.

The young aspirant for fame lingered at Drury Lane through the season of 1827-28, occasionally appearing as Norval in *Douglas*, Selim in *Barbarossa*, Frederick in *Lovers' Vows*, and Lothario in Monk Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, but drawing only thin houses, and making no more impression upon the public than Macduff's sword on the intrenchant air. But he knew better than to despair. He took heart and resolved to seek change of scene. In the spring of the following year he went to Dublin, where he experienced an enthusiastic reception in his old character of Norval, a part to which he still clung with fond fidelity, though as yet it had brought him but little luck. Summoned before the curtain at the close of the play, he was not only vociferously cheered, but called upon for a speech! The effect of his oration may be inferred from the exclamation it evoked from a critic in the gallery—"That will do, Charley! Go home to your mother!" The rollicking good nature that mingled with this sally of sarcasm was in keeping with the friendly feeling invariably evinced at Dublin towards the Kean family. Edmund Kean was from the first a great favourite in the Irish capital. The passionate fervour of his acting and its glow of romantic sentiment contrasting so strikingly with the classic dignity and stately grandeur of the Kemble's, had an irresistible charm for the Irish. A Dublin playgoer epitomized the qualities of the rival tragedians in a pithy epigram—

"Kemble's an actor on a studied plan,
Kean is no actor; he's the very man."

Instead of going home to his mother, Charles bent his steps in the direction of Glasgow, where he found himself, much to his surprise, in close proximity to his father, who had come to reside for a few weeks at a cottage he had built in the Isle of Bute. Through the good offices of a friend a reconciliation was happily effected between the father and the son, and on the 1st October, 1828, they appeared together at the Glasgow Theatre as Brutus and Titus in Howard Payne's tragedy of *Brutus*. One passage in the play worked powerfully on the feelings of the audience. It was that in which Brutus, over-powered with emotion, falls upon the neck of Titus, exclaiming, in broken accents, "Embrace thy wretched father!" The tragic appositeness of the phrase, and the poignancy of tone and look with which it was uttered, touched the spectators to the heart, prompting them to an outburst of passionate sympathy. At Christmas, Charles returned to his old quarters in Drury Lane, but though he had acquired confidence, and was in all respects much im-

proved by his provincial practice, the day had not yet come when either the press or the public were prepared to receive him with cordial favour. But though of little service to his professional prospects, this visit to London was important in his personal history. It was on Boxing night, 18-8, that he met for the first time upon the stage his wife that was to be, then Miss Eileen Tree, with whom he acted in the play called *Lovers' Vows*.

(To be continued.)

KIRNBERGERIANA.*

It is a strange fact that acknowledged great men should, in their every-day intercourse with their fellow-creatures, have exposed the most ludicrous side of their character, and exhibited the most remarkable habits. If we were only to cite the things said to have been done out of absence of mind by celebrated scholars, we might fill an endless list. Musicians, as well as scholars would furnish their fair share. Why should not they?

Johann Philipp Kirnberger, Court-Musician to her Royal Highness the Princess Amelia of Prussia, a most exact contrapuntist, the acknowledged musical authority of his time, etc., on the one hand is, on the other, in his private life and deeds, so highly remarkable for his oddities, that we cannot refrain from including some of them in our collection of curiosities. We, of course, leave completely out of consideration his importance as a theoretician; we care nothing about the almost sovereign autocratic power, nearly unintelligible for us at the present day, which he exercised in his own sphere, and, which, by the way, we see so fully developed also in Mattheson, and Marpurg also; we have to do only with the man personally.

A pupil of his, Professor Eberhard, offers a tolerably natural explanation of many of Kirnberger's strange ways. Despite the situations he had formerly held in first-rate Polish families, and despite those he subsequently held with the Margrave Heinrich and the Princess Amelia, Kirnberger was anything but a man of the world. He was totally wanting in gentlemanly bearing. He knew this himself perfectly well, for whenever he met a fellow-artist with gentlemanly manners, he was never contented till he had made him feel how superior he, Kirnberger, was in matters connected with art, and, as may be supposed, he did not do so in the most delicate fashion. The Professor Eberhard already mentioned endeavours to account for his manners—which frequently gave rise to the most interesting contrasts—by the humble position Kirnberger once occupied; according to the Professor, the uncertainty in Kirnberger's way of entering a room, the bashfulness and wooden stiffness of his bearing, were merely the consequences of the habits, never to be eradicated, which he had contracted from the members of the lower classes amongst whom he spent many years of his life. It is said that there was a kind and feeling soul beneath his rough exterior; we do not think, however, that it was the soul of a noble-minded artist.

His brusque behaviour towards other artists was certainly, on the one hand, a consequence of the respect shown him as a theoretician; on the other hand, it met with the full approval of his royal pupil and patroness. The Princess Amelia's opinion on art and artists were, the reader must know, more than harsh. We read in a letter she wrote to J. A. P. Schulz, who had begged permission to dedicate to her his choruses to *Athalia*: "I fancy you must have made a mistake, and, instead of your own music, sent me some notes scribbled by your child, for I have not perceived the slightest art in them—May Heaven be pleased to open the eyes of those who possess so lively an imagination as to form so high an opinion of themselves; may He improve their understanding and teach them to see that they are merely botchers and bunglers."

She says, too, of Gluck, that he can never be considered skilful as a composer, because he has no invention writes bad and wretched melody, and possesses no power of expression. She designates his *Iphegenie auf Tauris* a "miserable opera." We can easily understand that a man of Kirnberger's character, despite the defects of his breeding and education, might be a favourite with this high dame.

His defects of education are said to have even rendered him incapable of himself writing out his thoughts and works. In a small book published shortly after his death, but which, we may cursorily remark, did not emanate either from his celebrated opponent, F. W. Marpurg, or from any of the latter's friends, we are informed that, on account of this incapacity on his part he was always compelled to have recourse to the friend of the moment, if he happened to have one, and that this is the reason that the style varies so much in his writings, being not only different in one work to what it is in another, but being different in one chapter to what it is in another chapter of the very same work. It is certainly an established fact that his work, *Die wahren Grundsätze zum G. brauche der Harmonie* (Berlin and Königsberg, 1773), in which

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

the writer uses the first person, was written by his pupil, J. A. P. Schulz, mentioned above. Schulz himself confesses the fact, but comes forward to defend his master, whom he greatly respects.

To give the reader some notion of the pitiful means Kirnberger employed to set aside anything that displeased him or to produce an impression on good musicians, we will end by citing two cases.

A violin concerto used to be frequently played by a first-rate performer in the band of a Polish prince in which Kirnberger fulfilled the duties of pianist. There was one passage in the concerto which for Kirnberger was insupportable, but it was in vain that he tried to bring the composer to his way of thinking, or to make him alter what he had written. Such being the case, Kirnberger took the Prince's favourite dog every day up into his room, and played the concerto upon the violin, never neglecting to give the poor animal a good thrashing at the passage in question. The dog, being clever, remarked this, and soon began to set up a howl, without being beaten, when the fatal passage was heard. The reader may imagine what a tremendous outburst of laughter there was when, at the few following performances, the dog, who was present, broke out, despite all the attempts made to pacify him, into a pitiful howl. Kirnberger, of course, did not fail to refer to this as the most striking corroboration of what he had asserted. It need scarcely be stated that the concerto disappeared for ever from the programme.

But what afforded him greater delight than anything else was to mislead really good musicians by all kinds of affected turns, strange notation, and so on. Thus, for instance, he introduced into a trio for two violins and a violoncello, a minuet in which the bass proceeded strictly with its crotchetts, while the violins, on the other hand, progressed towards the end in syncopated notes. These syncopated notes were not, however, written by him in *legato* crotchetts but as semibreves and minims, the three-four time being thus converted into two-two time, while the violoncello continued playing on in the original three-four time. He succeeded in puzzling many violinists and making them turn red with shame, till he at length met with the right men who turned the joke against the joker. It was at a private party, and the two then celebrated violin-virtuosos Johann Ludwig Müller and Johann Peter Salomon, with Ignaz Mara, violoncellist of the Royal Chapel, were playing a trio together. Kirnberger took advantage of the opportunity to place this said trio of his before them. In order, moreover, to catch the celebrated artists in the trap, as he had caught so many others, he undertook himself to play the violoncello part on the piano. But the two virtuosos knew the composer's ways too well not to suspect some trick from his self-satisfied air. They went rapidly through their parts, and in due time discovered the unusual big notes in the three-four minuet. It was now diamond cut diamond. After a hasty consultation, they agreed to put Herr Kirnberger, who was, as they knew, not very sure as a practical pianist, in his turn to the test. Surely enough, by reversed bowing, false accents, and so on, they succeeded, even in the very first movement, in so completely confusing the composer, that he came to a dead standstill, and, rising from his seat, left the room in a rage. To the great amusement of those present, the three trio-players then performed without mistake, and in blamless style from beginning to end, the composition aforesaid, including the ominous minuet itself.

REMINISCENCES OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.*

It was a bird in a cage who wrote on the 9th August, 1841, from Berlin:—

"You want news concerning the Berlin Conservatory; so do I, but there is none. The matter rests upon a very vague basis, if indeed it rests upon any basis at all, and is not merely a castle in the air. The King appears to have a plan for remodelling the Academy of Arts; but that cannot well be done without altering the constitution of the existing one. Nobody, however, can make up his mind to adopt such a step, and I am less inclined than any one else to advise it, because I do not expect much good to music from any Academy, remodelled or not."

At the request of Friedrich Wilhelm IV, Mendelssohn had left Leipzig in July, 1840, to settle in Berlin, and the above lines are the beginning of a letter to his dear friend, David. The art-loving King had summoned the greatest living musician to represent the noble musical art at his "Court of the Muses." In Mendelssohn's correspondence there are some most interesting documents respecting the post of a Director of Music, with a salary of 3000 thalers a year, in an Academy of Arts, to be established in Berlin, and to consist of four departments: Architecture, Sculpture,

Painting, and Music. A grand Conservatory of Music was to be founded, and a series of secular and sacred concerts to be given

"The idea of my having to return to private life, except that I should be a sort of Conservatory schoolmaster, is something to which, after my good, fresh orchestra, I cannot bring myself; I could do it. If I had really to live as a private individual; I should then merely compose and lead a quiet existence; but then I should have to put up with the hybrid state of things peculiar to Berlin: great plans and very small results; perfect criticism and mediocre musicians; liberal ideas, and Court lackeys in the street; the Museum, the Academy, and the sand! I doubt my stopping here more than a year, but of course I shall do all I can not to let that one year pass without profit for myself and for others!"

To the great delight of his mother and sisters, Mendelssohn moved into the well-loved house, "which I left with a heavy heart twelve years previously," as he says in his letter. But he did not feel at home in his native town, notwithstanding all the pains people took to render his stay there pleasant, and to honour and fete in every way so celebrated a master. Yet there appeared in the circles of Berlin society some few forms that rejoiced his heart. First and foremost among them came the aged Tieck, with his clear eyes; Pauline von Schätzel-Decker, with her sweet voice, who was so fond of Mendelssohn's songs, which she sang very beautifully; Meyerbeer; Humboldt; Bunsen; Geibel, who stopped there some weeks; Professor Wichmann; Bettina and her beautiful daughters, etc. Mendelssohn was most especially gratified by the gracious favour of the King, which was always extended towards him in the most touching manner, and which never varied, but, as a rule, he found the air of the "Metropolis of Intelligence" oppressive. He complains in his letters that, notwithstanding the pleasure of living with his mother and sisters, and notwithstanding all the advantages he enjoyed and all his reminiscences, there was no place in Germany where he felt so little at home as in Berlin.

"The reason is, perhaps," he said in a letter to President Verkenius in Cologne, "that all the causes which formerly rendered it impossible for me to extend my career here, and which, consequently, drove me thence, exist now as they did then, and will probably exist for all eternity. There is the same minute breaking up of all resources and all persons; the same unpoetical striving for outward results; the same superabundance of recognition; the same absence of production, and absence of nature; the same unmagnanimous tardiness in progress and development, rendering both, it is true, much more certain and less dangerous, but at the same time robbing them of everything meritorious and vivifying. I believe that I shall invariably find these qualities in all things here. I undoubtedly shall do so in musical matters. The King would most willingly alter and improve all this; but if his intentions remained unshaken for a series of years; if he came across no persons except such as cherished the same intentions, and worked indefatigably at them, even then, it strikes me, we could not expect results, satisfactory consequences, till after the expiration of this series of years, when they are needed, without the slightest delay. If it is to bear fruit it appears to me that the ground here ought to be reploughed and turned over afresh, at least in my department. Every musician is for himself alone; no two agree with each other. The amateurs are divided and swallowed up in a thousand small circles. In addition to this, all the music you hear is exceedingly mediocre; the critics alone are sharp, exact, and accomplished. The prospect does not strike me as being very favourable for some years to come, and I cannot begin again from the very foundation, for I want both talent and inclination for such a task. So I am waiting to hear what is required of me; it is probably limited to a series of concerts, which the Academy of Arts is to give next winter, and which I am to conduct."

Such was the case. The intellectual monarch, the warm-hearted protector and patron of all art, found no one possessing the same intentions as himself and willing to employ his strength in carrying them out, and thus all the King's good plans were gradually allowed to drop, and all prospect of any satisfactory practical employment for Mendelssohn grew fainter and fainter every week. In order to escape the oppressive consciousness of this fact, Mendelssohn began by making a few trips to Leipzig where he had listened to, and been concerned in, so much good music. Then, after Leipzig, we see him in London, where, nearly overwhelmed with honours and pleasures, he led a very merry life; read *Wilhelm Meister* again, and wandered with Klingemann through the fields of an evening, to recover himself a little, because people had been rather "over-doing" things with him. He played in Exeter Hall

* By Elise Polko, Authoress of *Musikalische Märchen*.

before three thousand persons, who could scarcely restrain themselves for enthusiasm; took tea with Queen Victoria, in the magnificent gallery at Buckingham Palace; conducted his *Hebriden*, at the concert of the Philharmonic Society; heard Fanny Kemble read Shakspere; chatted with Lady Morgan and Miss Jameson; went into ecstasies with Winterhalter, the celebrated painter of laces and velvets, and with the beautiful and fashionable ladies scattered about the galleries; played with his dear friend Moscheles, with Bennett, and with Duprez at Benedict's; dined at Bunsen's, and at length resolved for once in a way not to have any music for the next few weeks.

He then hurried to Switzerland, meeting, on the road, Cécile, his brother, and his sister-in-law, together; rested in his beloved Interlaken; proceeded to Zurich, and returned, by way of Frankfort, to his gilt cage in Berlin. It was during this journey that he wrote his friend Hildebrandt one of his charming *billet-doux*, and begged the amiable mistress of the house to preserve a "great quantity" of the well-known celebrated "Essigpfaumen";*—"a certain Felix Mendelssohn will see that they are all eaten."

Matters had not altered in Berlin during his absence, and as Mendelssohn was horror-struck at the idea of continuing to live in this manner, and of accepting, to a certain degree, a sinecure, he made up his mind suddenly and tendered his resignation. He was now offered the post of director of all the music of the Evangelical Church, and informed that it was proposed very shortly to form a select choir and a select orchestra for the artistic support of divine service, and more especially for the performance of oratorios, and that all these various departments were to be under his whole and sole control. Mendelssohn declared that he was ready to undertake a task of this kind, but reserved the privilege both of choosing his place of residence and of occupying his time as he liked until the realization of this grand idea had been commenced. He expressed to Herr Eichhorn, the minister, his desire to request as much from his Majesty in person. The King accordingly granted him an audience, in which he expressed the most gracious sentiments towards him, and Mendelssohn promised his exalted patron that he would furnish in conformity with the latter's wishes a series of compositions to be more nearly specified at some subsequent period, and, furthermore, that he would be forthcoming, as soon as the "giant instrument" on which he was, as it were, to play, was completed.

The great works in question which Mendelssohn composed at the bidding of Friedrich Wilhelm IV., are: the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with the exception of the overture; the music to *Athalia*, *Antigone*, and *Oedipus Colonus*, and a series of sacred songs.

With regard to his productive activity, the "Appendix" compiled by Julius Rietz to *Mendelssohn's Letters* for the years 1840-42 contains the following works:—1840: "Lobgesang;" "Festgesang für Männerstimmen;" "Quartets for Male Voices;" "Quartet for Mixed Voices." 1841: Music to *Antigone*; various important Compositions for the Piano; Songs for one Voice; three "Lieder ohne Worte;" a Song for two Female Voices; a "Lied ohne Worte."

NURNBERG.—A grand, and excellently attended, concert was given on the 27th ult., by all the vocal associations of the town, for the purpose of erecting a monument to Hans Sachs. Among the pieces included in the programme were Herr Bruch's "Römischer Triumphgesang;" two movements from Schubert's B minor Symphony; R. Wagner's overture to *Rienzi*; Mendelssohn's "Trompeten Ouverture;" and Hiller's "Es muss doch Frühling werden."

DRESDEN.—Hear Richard Wagner's terms for the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg* were: 1. For the right of producing the opera, 1500 thalers. 2. 7 per cent. on each night's receipts; 3. No cuts; 4. The direction of the rehearsals and performances to be confided to a gentleman from Munich, named by the composer. The Management flatly said "No" to the last two conditions, and gave orders that the preparations already commenced for the production of the opera should be at once stopped. On this, Herr R. Wagner lowered his tone, and expressed his willingness to give up the obnoxious conditions, and, on this understanding, the opera will in all probability be produced.—Mlle. Mallinger, from Munich, has appeared as Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and as Norma in Bellini's opera of the same name. She was exceedingly successful, especially in the last character.

* "Plums in vinegar," a German delicacy unknown in England.

THE EARLY YEARS OF GIACOMO MEYERBEER.*

"No one was ever yet born a master," but—"soon crooks the tree that good gramble would be." These pithy sayings are exemplified in a composer whose name is one of the most glorious known in the history of dramatic music; and whose reputation, one of the very few that are extended all over the civilized world. But that this great reputation was purchased with bitter struggles and privations, in the school of disappointment and suffering, is a fact of which only a small number among those who salute the mature master with cries of "Hosannah," think; they scarcely believe it indeed, for they are of opinion that freedom from care as regards material circumstances must have ripened the artistic fruit in this case sooner than it would have ripened otherwise. Our truthful narrative will teach the contrary.

Meyerbeer was descended from a rich Jewish family of Berlin, and, as there were signs of his possessing extraordinary musical talent, he enjoyed at an early age the most excellent instruction; in pianoforte playing, he had lessons from the celebrated Lauska, a pupil of Clementi, and, in theory, from Bernhard Anselm Weber, the chapelmaster, a pupil of the learned Abbé Vogler.

More attention was at first paid by Meyerbeer to the piano, than to anything else, for at that period the career of a virtuoso struck him as being the most brilliant and most glorious of all ideals to which he could attain, but, at the same time, nothing was omitted for the cultivation of the intellect, and he was kept to the study of the old and modern languages, as well as of all the other subjects in a high scholastic course, so that it was with the full consciousness of what he was doing, that he afterwards sacrificed his ideal and devoted himself to dramatic composition.

Under the guidance of B. A. Weber, he had to exercise himself in all kinds of forms, and the teacher was proud of a pupil, who always anticipated him, comprehending and carrying out fully and entirely his half-explanations. It would be interesting to see some specimens of Meyerbeer's compositions at this epoch; but, with the exception of a few books of words of cantatas for family festivals, everything connected with them appears to have been lost or destroyed. At any rate, we have found nothing of the sort while arranging the papers he left behind him.—In this manner did the time approach when the young artist would require higher theoretical instruction. Such instruction Berlin could not then offer him, and the way in which he obtained it is recorded in the following anecdote, related, with Meyerbeer's consent, by M. Fétis, in the *Revue Contemporaine* of the 15th April, 1859:—Meyerbeer took his teacher a fugue which so transported the latter that he declared it was a masterpiece which he must send his old professor, Vogler, for him to admire, and give his opinion of it. The answer did not come for a tolerably long time, and, when it did arrive, one day, in the form of a rather bulky packet, both scholar and teacher could hardly wait till it was opened. The mere opinion itself was perhaps one of the most laconic and strangest ever penned, for the packet contained a long and exhaustive disquisition in three parts, written in Vogler's own hand, on the fugue. In the first part, the rules for the production of such forms were thoroughly explained; in the second, inscribed: "The Scholar's Fugue," Meyerbeer's work was analyzed from beginning to end, and no particularly favourable opinion pronounced on it; the third part, lastly, entitled: "The Master's Fugue," was written by Vogler himself on Meyerbeer's motive. Finally, Vogler analyzed his own work bar by bar, giving reason for everything he did, and why everything must be as it was and not otherwise.† After Vogler's death, in 1814, this disquisition appeared, under the title, *System für den Fugenbau, als Einleitung zur harmonischen Gesangs-Verbindungslehre*, Offenbach, André (8vo., 75 pages, of which 35 are music). The effect of this disquisition was by no means a depressing one on Meyerbeer; on the contrary it excited, and urged him to fresh efforts. Filled with enthusiasm at seeing the doors of high art opened before him, he wrote a fugue according to Vogler's principles, and sent it off immediately, with a letter of thanks to

* From *Giacomo Meyerbeer. Eine Biographie von Hermann Mendell*. (Berlin: L. Heimann).

† Vogler here carries out most admirably the maxim he himself penned: "Recensere errores minimum, maximum est emendare opus, perficere inceptum," and corroborates the assertion of his great pupil, C. M. von Weber: "Vogler is the first who not merely forbids and bids, but also proves, and arranges his reasons philosophically."

the master. In this instance, Meyerbeer had not long to wait for the answer. It arrived and contained the gratifying words, "Art opens for you a great future; come to me at Darmstadt; you shall be treated like one of the family, and quench your thirst for musical knowledge at the source itself." The fire of enthusiasm blazed forth in the bosom of the young art-novice; he beheld himself at the goal of his most daring wishes, a goal he had sought in the obscurity of his earlier efforts, and he could no longer feel happy in beautiful Berlin, though he was an object of homage there, though his respected teacher Lauska did his best to get him on; and though his parents and numerous relations tended and watched over him in the most affectionate manner. Supported in his prayer by B. A. Weber, he at length overcame the many scruples of his family, and, in the year 1810, set out for the Abbé Vogler's at Darmstadt. It was his intention to go through Vogler's entire course of instruction, and, after having done so, to make an artistic journey to Italy. It is to this that several pages of his diary for 1810, which is still in existence, refer, for, unless we assume them to do so, they admit of no explanation.

In the happy times of the Elector Karl Theodor, Mannheim had held a distinguished place among the smaller German courts, for artistic feeling and the cultivation of art, and a similar position was, at the period of which we are speaking, occupied by Darmstadt. The Grand Duke himself was more than an amateur; he was a thorough connoisseur of music, who not only attended, score in hand, the rehearsals of any important secular or sacred works, but even frequently grasped the conductor's stick, and exerted himself most zealously for the composition to be played with precision and the requisite gradations of light and shade. He had, a short time previously, reorganized the Court Chapel, with Herr Mangold, the concertmaster, at its head; founded a promising Court Theatre; and urged the amateurs in the town to unite and take part in quartets, and performances on a larger scale, named Concert Rehearsals. He had put an end, in 1807, to the wanderings to and fro of the Abbé Vogler, by summoning him to Darmstadt, bestowing on him an annual salary of three thousand florins, with board and lodging at Court, and the dignity of a spiritual privy councillor. He entrusted to him, likewise, the direction of the Court Chapel, and conferred on him the Order of Merit, first class.

The Abbé Vogler was one of the most distinguished and extraordinary musical scholars of that period, and consequently an ornament to the little capital. Born at Würzburg, the 15th June, 1749, he studied in Germany and Italy, and travelled in France, Spain, Africa, Armenia, Germany, Holland, England, Denmark, and Sweden, finding time, despite all his peregrinations, to form pupils like Ritter, Winter, Knecht, etc.; to compose secular and sacred works of importance; to write books of the most varied port; and to make weighty discoveries. But he was destined to obtain the greatest fame at the little town of Darmstadt, where he reached the goal of his nomadic life. When all his systems, discoveries, masses, operas, and fugues have passed away and are forgotten, the world will always remember the name of him to whom it is indebted for the composers of *Der Freischütz* and *Les Huguenots*.

Carl Maria von Weber had been placed under Vogler's tuition in 1809, to perfect himself in the art of counterpoint, though he could already boast of an honourable artistic Past; the same was the case with Joh. Baptist Gänzbacher, who was eight years older, and had selected sacred music as his exclusive study. Meyerbeer, who as yet had seen nothing of the world, met the two young men as his fellow scholars; and his object was how to keep up with these two new comrades, who were older and more experienced than himself. A wide field of serious occupation and close application was thus opened to him, and C. M. von Weber has over and over again expressed his astonishment that a rich youth, with no anxiety for the future, should disdain all the comforts at his command, so as not to neglect his studies in the smallest degree. Meyerbeer and Weber contracted for each other the warmest friendship, to which death alone put an end. They ate at the same table, slept in the same room, made trips together to Mannheim and Heidelberg, and told each other their inmost thoughts. Vogler's method of instruction was most admirable, being calculated to improve both body and mind simultaneously. As a

rule, they went early to mass, at which Weber officiated, the religious wants of the one being satisfied at the same time as the musical wants of the other. Then came the hour of instruction, in which Vogler generally gave out a theme to the three students, who had to work it out, according to his directions, in their own manner during the day. In the evening, at a kind of conference, the master revised their respective efforts, and called upon them for explanations and arguments, in which each had, in defence of his own ideas, to meet the real or pretended opposition of Vogler. In this manner, a one-act opera, entitled *Der Prozess*, was, among other things, composed, certain pieces being allotted to each pupil. It was to have been sent in by Vogler at the command of the Duke of Nassau, but does not appear ever to have been produced. There still exists, dating from this time, a cantata, the combined production of the three students, with which they surprised their beloved teacher on his birthday. If we are not mistaken, the pieces belonging to Meyerbeer in it were the choruses and a trio.* The young Berlin artist had frequently to accompany his master to the cathedral, where there were two organs, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the art of extemporizing. On such occasions, Vogler gave a motive for a fugue, and developed it in every possible way; Meyerbeer had to do the same. Being thus thoroughly prepared, he could now proceed to the composition of a great serious work. This was the cantata, *Gott und die Natur*. The Grand-Duke of Hesse, who had the score sent him, was so satisfied with it, that he created the youthful master Court-Composer. At the same period, Meyerbeer set to music, in four parts, seven sacred songs by Klopstock, which were published by Peters in Leipsic, after his 130th Psalm, "De Profundis," in a German arrangement, had appeared in 1810 at Stuttgart. In order, however, to show with advantage what he could do in the dramatic style, also, he procured from A. von Schreiber a three-act opera, the libretto, entitled, *Jeptah's Tochter*, and began composing the music for it under Vogler's eye.

Meanwhile, he went with his friend, C. M. von Weber, at the end of April, 1811, to Berlin, to be present at the brilliant performance of his cantata, *Gott und die Natur*, by the members of the Sigacademie, with solo singers and band from the Chapel Royal, under the direction of the chapelmast, B. A. Weber. The return of the young artist resembled a triumphal entry, so eager were his numerous relations and friends to receive him with due honour. Carl Maria, also, meeting with so cordial a reception that he confessed a son could not have had a better. It was one he never forgot.

(To be continued.)

WIESBADEN.—The last concert began with Hérold's overture to *Zampa*. M. Brassin performed pieces by Field, Handel, and Chopin. M. Vieuxtemps played some compositions of his own. Madame Miolan-Carvalho sang M. Gound's "Ave, Maria," and Variations on the "Carillon." Herr Wachtel sang the air "Jungfrau Maria," from Herr von Flotow's *Stradella*.

SALZBURG.—Dr. Otto Bach has entered upon his duties as *Cathedral Capellmeister*. He has been elected chorus-master of the "Liebertafel."—The singing master at the Gymnasium has just completed the troublesome task of transferring from the old missal notation, with the various old keys, into our present system some odes of Horace set to music in four parts, in 1559, by the celebrated organist, Paul Hochhainer, whom, on account of his great merit as a musician, the Emperor Maximilian dubbed a Knight.

SALARIES OF PRIME DONNE IN THE OLDEN TIME.—The complaints about the exorbitant demands made by *prime donne* are not new. Thus, great indignation was expressed that Signora Euzzani, who belonged to the Italian Opera-house, London, in Handel's time refused an engagement of 60,000 ducats in Italy, because she made more in the English capital. On one occasion, she expressed a wish for some lace-trimmings, which were nothing very extraordinary, and when a gallant lord presented her a very splendid set, worthy of a queen, she threw it in the fire, because it was not the set she wanted. She refused the hand of an extremely wealthy and amiable young nobleman, and married a goldsmith's apprentice, with whom she led an exceedingly unhappy life. She died in the utmost penury, after losing voice and beauty, and squandering immense sums of money. "Lightly come, lightly go."

* Another of his efforts at composition, though anonymous, was an operetta, *Der Fischer und das Milchmädchen*, produced on the 26th of June, 1810.

L'histoire de Pa'merin d'Olibe filz du Roy FLORENDOS de Macdone et de LA BELLE GRIANE, fille de Remiclus, Empereur de Constantinople, by Jean Wangin, dit le Petit Anguin. A perfect copy of this extremely rare Romance to be sold for THIRTY-FIVE GUINEAS.

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MARRIAGES.

On the 15th inst., at St. Pancras Church, by the Rev. W. Mercer, ALFRED WILLIAM, eldest son of EDGAR WEBSTER, Esq., of Chester, to MARY, second daughter of DONALD W. KING, Professor of Music.

On the 29th ult., at Trinity Church, Southwark, by the Rev. D. A. Mouline, JOHN GRAHAM, of Carlisle, to ALICE, daughter of the late Mr. WILLIAM FISH, Professor of Music, Norwich.

NOTICE.

The MUSICAL WORLD will henceforth be published on FRIDAY, in time for the evening mails. Country subscribers will therefore receive their copies on Saturday morning. In consequence of this change, it is urgently requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday, otherwise they will be too late for insertion in the current number.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements received as late as Three o'clock P.M. on Thursdays, but not later. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

ABOUT THE EISTEDDFOD.

THE third day of the Eisteddfod—the day when Cambria's sons and daughters meet to see their chief bard installed with ancient form and ceremony—opened with a steady downpour of rain. It always does rain on these occasions, and Jupiter Pluvius roused himself from lethargy to observe an old if not an agreeable custom. But the Welsh are too familiar with downpours to care much about them; and hence, the crowd always looked for on "chair day" was duly forthcoming. So large was it that the pavilion could not have held many more; and, under the influence of numbers, the proceedings went off, up to a certain point, with unusual spirit. Of course the bards were quick to feel the change from the languor of previous days; and they poured forth englynion, for the first time during the week, with much apparent self-enjoyment. Of their enthusiasm the audience largely partook, and everybody looked upon everybody else with congratulation in his eye.

I am not going *seriatim* though even the musical contests of the morning sitting, because some of them had no interest at all except to those directly concerned. It behoves me to tell, however, in what style a little girl-harpist carried away the prize from every competitor by dint of playing a pathetic melody with such pathos as to touch every heart. That child made me respect the harp. She sang upon it as Arabella Goddard sings upon the pianoforte, and Mr. John Thomas's decision in her favour, though fully anticipated, was received with thunders of applause. Somebody, I hope, will look well after her future. A competition in singing a familiar ballad elicited no very remarkable voice or talent, nor was a pianoforte contest more successful. In each case ordinary amateurs exhibited themselves in the ordinary amateur fashion. This being so the audience ought to have felt thankful that few competitors came forward. With the Eisteddfod managers, however, the fewness in question must be a matter for serious consideration. Even they cannot help seeing that when more than one or two musical prizes are absolutely uncontested, and the rest attract

but a scanty muster of aspirants, there must be something wrong somewhere. But, though the competitions were unexciting, excitement rose to high water mark when Talhaiarn announced that a treaty of peace had just been signed between Llew Llywyo, and the Ruthin local committee. What the powers in question had quarrelled about this deponent knoweth not, nor doth he care. Enough that the "Roaring Lion," in most amicable mood, made his way to the platform and regaled the company with a delectable song about "John Jones and John Bull," to the intense delight of his hearers, who cheered him as though a second-rate music-hall performance were the *ne plus ultra* of art. Unhappy Ruthin committee! Far better had they have fought with the Lion than have taken him to their arms. Thenceforth he roared inopportune and could not be silenced.

The extremes of pleasure and of disappointment seem to have been reserved for this particular audience. Lifted up high by the apparition of their favourite Llew, they were cast down low by the announcement that not a single competitor was worthy to sit in the bardic chair. The news came upon the people like a heavy blow; while the elongated faces of the bards were a sight to see. I was prepared to behold one of the latter rise and pour out an impassioned lament over so marked a sign of decadence. But the opportunity was lost. Pencerdd Gwalia did not seize his harp and wail a lengthened "Ichabod," and even the muse of Talhaiarn was silent. Then, however, arose the comic man—there is at least one such among the bardic community—and emitted an englyn which suffered premature strangulation. No wonder, for, I am told, it spoke of the coveted chair as so much timber up for sale. Such irreverence from such a quarter might well have made the very stones of the Gorsedd to cry out. After this *fiasco* the sitting quickly came to an end, and the chair was stowed away in an anteroom to await the time when a Welshman can be found worthy to fill it.

There was a very large gathering at the evening concert, and a lengthy selection from *Elijah* obtained a fair hearing. Nearly all the principal solos in that work were sung by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas. How they were sung by such competent artists needs no telling; but, unfortunately, the accompaniment was nearly as bad as it could be, and thus the general result proved far from satisfactory. At the close of the selection the Lion's admirers raised the familiar cry, "Llew, Llew," and kept it up with so much spirit that Owain Alaw had to step forward and ask if the Roarer was within hail. "He's gone to Liverpool," said a voice in response; whereupon Owain Alaw looked relieved, and the audience kept silence. But the Lion of Llywyo had not gone to Liverpool, for he soon after appeared, and was greeted with lusty cheers. Once again the calls for "Llew" put an end to everything else till Llew himself rose and rebuked his partisans, after which the performance went on quietly.

The second part was miscellaneous and largely made up of Welsh music, respecting which I have only to say that it might have possessed more variety. A stranger, judging by Eisteddfod performances, would conclude that only half-a-dozen Cambrian airs have come down to us, so exclusively are those half-dozen played and sung. Another result is that one gets bored. The "March of the Men of Harlech" may be a very fine tune, but its beauty is no reason why it should be forced upon an audience (as on this occasion), three times in thirty minutes. Among the selections not Welsh were "Sleep, gentle lady," capably rendered by Miss Wynne, Miss Watts, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. L. Thomas; and Mendelssohn's "Roamer," which an ambitious young Welshman found too much for him. Miss Kate Roberts was to have played a pianoforte solo, but a severe fall on the previous day unfortunately laid her aside.

A bold departure from precedent (it could hardly have met with the approval of the bards, who had one sitting the less for mutual glorification), gave a performance of the *Messiah* on the morning of the last day. In some respects the result was highly satisfactory. There was, for example, a very large audience who sat out the oratorio to the end with unabated interest and the highest decorum. Then the performance, so far as the soloists and chorus were concerned, gave satisfaction to an extent which few could have anticipated. The credit thus secured by audience and singers was made all the greater by attendant circumstances, for everybody's patience had a sore trial by reason of interminable speechifying before each part of the oratorio; speechifying enough to wear away even the enthusiasm of Welshmen. Yet the Welshmen present seemed to make nothing of it. As to the performers it appears that they were gathered mainly from local sources, and had never enjoyed the advantage of a rehearsal. Their unanimity, when they did meet, was wonderful, and honour is due to them accordingly. It was a pity that for so fair a chorus no better accompaniment could be found than such as proceeded from a piano, harmonium, and cornet. True, the pianist (Mr. Percival, of Liverpool), was most admirable, and the harmonium player (Mr. Argent, of Rhyl) did some remarkable things with his reeds. True, also, that the cornettist was judicious enough to play an octave lower when there was any risk of a collapse in the higher regions. But the labours of all three were a poor atonement for the absence of an orchestra, and it behoves the Eisteddfod managers to consider the practicability—if they mean to go on with oratorio—of getting together a small band. Surely, among a million of people who represent themselves as musical, there can be found thirty or forty capable players upon instruments. Mr. Hullah conducted, and, at the close, was praised for his conducting almost to the point of adulation. Yet Mr. Hullah ought not to have carried complaisance so far as to allow his subordinates to run away with him. This he did in the "Hallelujah Chorus," the singers rushing on, and Mr. Hullah following like the Ancient Mariner's albatross, till the pace at the end was killing. About the soloists there is no need to say much. Miss Wynne was successful in all her songs, and Mrs. Wynne-Matheson made a fair impression in "He was despised." The delivery of the Passion-music by Mr. W. H. Cummings was exceptionally fine, and the sonorous voice as well as dignified style of Mr. Lewis Thomas told well upon the audience. "Rejoice greatly," was to have been sung by Miss Watts, but indisposition compelled that young lady to leave the platform.

The evening concert was nearly as well attended as that of the morning. Its programme, being of a very miscellaneous character, calls for few remarks. I must say, however, that Miss Kate Roberts re-appeared for the first time after her accident, and played two admirable solos in equally admirable style. A short excerpt from the *Seasons*, the "Magic-wave scarf," and "Blow, gentle gales," comprised nearly all the pieces not Welsh. The rest I can afford to pass over, with two exceptions; that is to say the songs given respectively by the "Roaring Lion," and a promising pupil of that distinguished Cambrian. These, be it understood, were not in the scheme, but the Lion's admirers again became obstreperous, and had to be conciliated by some means or other. So Llew and the sucking roarer, were brought forward (amid some vigorous hissing I am glad to say), the former singing a Welsh version of "Simon, the Cellarer," and the latter a patter song to the exuberant delight of the back benches. Truly, the Welsh are odd folks! They listen in the morning to an oratorio, and in the evening shout down first-class artists for Llew Llwyvo.

I don't know that it is worth while to moralize upon the foregoing, yet there are one or two observations I can hardly refrain

from making. In the first place I may ask, what can be the advantage of cliquism in the management of these meetings. If the object be to display Welsh talent, then let Welsh talent be displayed by whomsoever possessed. It is currently believed that in Mr. Brinley Richards Wales has a musician of high rank, yet not a single composition from his pen was in the concert programmes. How and why was this? Next I would suggest that when ladies and gentlemen of eminence in their profession are engaged they should be treated in accordance with civilized notions. The accommodation provided for them at the Ruthin pavilion was decidedly of the "loose box" order. An enclosed den, two benches, a bucket of water, one tumbler, and a small looking-glass, comprised all that was thought necessary for the comfort of artists at the National Eisteddfod of Wales, A.D. 1868. Whether the artists felt aggrieved or not is best known to themselves, but it is possible that numerous facetious allusions to, and enquiries for, a "brass tap" had satirical reference to the bucket and tumbler. Will somebody offer a prize next year for "The best evidence of civilization in the entertainment of strangers"?

THADDEUS EGG.

THE "MESSIAH" AT RUTHIN.

(From the "Sunday Times," Aug. 16.)

Contrary to ordinary practice, the managers resolved upon devoting the last morning sitting to a musical performance. Their doing so was somewhat of an experiment, because the music selected was not Welsh; and by no possibility could the Lion of Llwyvo have anything to do with its execution. Hence patriots and pessimists found a common ground whereon to meet and shake their heads at the prospect of failure. To the former the *Messiah* appeared an anti-national innovation; and the latter foretold for it a more or less unmitigated fiasco. The result confounded both; for even the common people listened gladly, and the music was rendered—all things considered—in a very creditable manner. It must be confessed, however, that the pessimists did not croak without cause. The *Messiah* may be well known, but its adequate interpretation among the mountaineers of North Wales seemed too much for reasonable expectation. As regards the chorus, the local choir-singing previously heard gave no hope whatever; while how an orchestra was to be obtained, without an impossible expenditure, was a puzzle indeed. But Owain Alaw and his assistants made fair headway against some of their difficulties, and turned the flank of others in capital style. They worked industriously at training the native contingents from Ruthin, Denbigh, and Rhyl, finally leavening the whole lump with a detachment of fifty voices from Birkenhead. An orchestra being out of the question, they brought down Mr. Percival, of Liverpool—a most excellent accompanist—who, with Broadwood grand and the assistance of a harmonium (Mr. Argent), and trumpet, contrived to supply its place as well as circumstances admitted. Mr. Hullah was presumed to be a safe conductor, and the solos, entrusted to Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Watts, Mrs. Wynne Matheson, Mr. Cummings, and Mr. Lewis Thomas, gave no cause for fear. Of course the general effect upon the ear of a London concert-goer was poor, but the vast majority of those present must have been delighted with what they then heard, probably, for the first time in their lives. Far be it from us to sneer at this Welsh performance of the sacred oratorio. We would rather praise it, spite of its shortcomings, as a step in the right direction, which deserves to be followed up, and which, moreover, must be followed up if the Eisteddfod is to be educational in matters of art.

How the work was received has already been hinted. A huge audience assembled, the pavilion being filled in every part for the first time during the week, and not a trace of weariness or impatience was anywhere visible. This is the more worthy of note because the president of the day—Mr. Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle—delivered himself of a long speech, as in duty bound, and others, in duty bound to do no such thing, imitated his example before a note was struck. Moreover, the irrepressible vicar of Neath, who never appears so happy as when hearing himself talk, felt moved to an oration between the parts, and

also at the close of the performance. This made the sitting a very lengthy one, but the people sat quietly to the end of the "Amen" with a decorum that might profitably be imitated elsewhere. How much they appreciated what was done could easily be seen, while their applause was as discriminating as could be wished. We need hardly say that the cry of "Llew" or "Cymraeg" was never once heard, which fact should teach the managers of future Eisteddfodau a lesson. It is only when the programmes are compiled with a view more to amuse than instruct or elevate that the people demand the man who amuses them best. Put really good music before them and—as in this instance—nobody will feel inclined to say of the Lion "Let him roar again."

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REVIEWS.

Mary, Mary, bereft of thee. (Chastelard's lament on the departure of Mary, Queen of Scots, from France.) The words by G. WHYTE MELVILLE, Esq. The music by Mrs. JOHN HOLMAN ANDREWS. [London: Duncan Davison & Co.]

The composer of this song has well caught the spirit of her words. The picture of France without Mary is thrown into admirable relief by the music, while the change of subject, rhythm, and key, upon the words—

"Our darling, pearl and pride,
Our blossom and our bride,"

—is full of appropriate expression. The melody is judiciously accompanied, and, as a whole, the song deserves attention.

Ou voulez-vous aller? (Gounod.) Transcribed for the pianoforte by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: R. Mills.]

Mr. Richards has transcribed Gounod's melody in his usual pleasant and effective style. The piece is easy to play, and will, doubtless, be much in favour.

Air and Variations from Handel's "Suites de Pièces." (Performed by Herr Rubinstein at the Philharmonic Society's Concert, June 8th, 1868.) Edited by J. McMURDIE, Mus. Bac., Oxon. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

MANY of our readers will remember the exhibition Herr Rubinstein made of himself and Handel when performing this admirable work. We hail its publication in a separate form, for a reason connected with Herr Rubinstein. The result may be to show the difference between Handel pure and unadulterated, and Handel filtered through a virtuoso.

Lebensglück. (Beethoven.) Transcribed by GEORGE FREDERICK WEST. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

HERE we have Mr. George Frederick West again essaying his little all to "paint the lily, and add a perfume to the violet." The result is—when looked at on the comical side—very comical indeed. But, although Mr. George Frederick West is no greater man, it is hard work to view the matter from a funny point.

The Pianist's Library. A collection of pianoforte works from the best masters, Classical and Modern, Nos. 13 and 14. Edited by BRINLEY RICHARDS. [London: R. Cocks & Co.]

In these numbers Mr. Richards has done good service by placing within easy reach a selection from Heller's *Nuits Blanches*, and the E flat *Impromptu* of Schubert. He has, moreover, given directions for fingering, wherever they seemed necessary, with much judgment. We need not say a word in praise of the compositions. That by Schubert especially is above either praise or blame.

CASSEL.—The Royal Opera-house has again opened its doors after the holidays, and all the members of the company have returned to their duties. But some will not remain long, as considerable changes, will take place on the 1st September. All three tenors leave, and will be succeeded by Herr Zottmayr from Vienna, and Herr Theodor Forner. Mdlle. Slevogt, the operatic *soubrette*, also, ceases to be a member of the company.

BADEN.—The last concert at the Kursaal began with Spohr's overture to *Faust*. Mdlle. Marie Roze sang the air, "Va, dit-elle," from *Robert le Diable*; the melody of the Djin, from Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur*; and took part with M. Monjanze in duets from *Mireille* and *La Traviata*. M. Monjanze alone sang airs from *Martha* and *La Dame Blanche*. Herr Ehrlich, from Berlin, performed Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major. Signor Bottesini, also, delighted the audience with his marvellous playing.

COLOGNE.—M. Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse* has now followed his *Barbe bleue* here, and been received with equal favour. Herr Ferdinand Hiller has been created a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Bonn.

CONCERTS IN VARIOUS PLACES

MELBOURNE.—The "popular" concert given at Hawthorn Town Hall, on Saturday last, by Herr Schott was not so well attended as was expected, seeing that the list of local patrons was large, and the programme very inviting. Perhaps the real reason was the difficulty and danger of travelling at night in the Hawthorn neighbourhood, and a practical illustration of this was afforded to the performing artists on their way home. The audience, such as it was, had good reason to be satisfied with the vocal and instrumental music executed, as it was thoroughly well rendered. A selection of pieces from Wallace's *Marianna* (which Herr Schott has in rehearsal for his first production of *opera di camera*), was evidently enjoyed. The performers were the Misses Eastdown, Mr. Amery, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Madden, and Herr Schott. The last-named gentleman played a brilliant *galop de concert*, "Les Rapides," his own composition, which would, if published, be very welcome in Victorian concert-rooms. As we have said, Herr Schott's party, on their return, met with an untoward accident, the consequence of carts being allowed in that suburban neighbourhood to go about at night without lights. There was a collision between a wood-cart and the city-bound cab, the cabman was thrown forward, and Herr Schott, jumping out to catch the reins, fell, and the cab passed over his legs and body. The unfortunate gentleman was taken home at once, and medical assistance obtained. Luckily no bones were broken, but his body was much bruised, and his nerves sustained a severe shock.—*Melbourne Argus* (June 16, 1868).

LEEDS.—The second concert in connection with the present Assizes was given at the Leeds Town Hall on Tuesday week, and notwithstanding the showery character of the evening, the hall was well occupied with an audience who, if we may judge from their demonstrations of approval, were thoroughly gratified with the programme submitted to them, and the highly artistic manner in which the various pieces were performed. To those who had not the good fortune to be present, we need only say that the vocalists were the old favourites with Leeds concert-goers, Miss Helena Walker, who was in excellent voice, and acquitted herself with her accustomed ability; Mr. C. Videon Harding, who sang with great care and much feeling; and Mr. E. de Jong who performed two solos on the flute, in addition to playing the flute *obbligato* to the echo song given by Miss Walker. All the artists were encored. It must be highly satisfactory to Dr. Spark, the conductor, who, as usual, played several compositions on the organ, to find that these concerts are so greatly appreciated.

On Tuesday evening Aug. 11, the St. George-the-Martyr Choral Society gave their second concert at the school-rooms, under the leadership of Mr. Cottam. Great progress towards efficiency is undoubtedly the result of the new system of training introduced by Mr. Cottam, and the choir must be congratulated on possessing the services of so painstaking a tutor, and the conductor on having such apt pupils. Among the most creditable performances of the evening were the "Hallelujah Chorus," and a four-part song by Mr. Cottam, entitled "England—the great, the free."

MISS ELIZABETH PHILIP. is now giving a series of concerts in the "far west." Among other places she has visited Falmouth, the *Packet* of which town has brought us the following account of her success:—

"On Wednesday great musical treat was given to the Falmouth public by Miss Elizabeth Philip, the accomplished vocalist and composer, of London, assisted by Miss Sterling, Madame Alice Mangold (pianist), and Mr. J. S. Mitchell. The programme comprised several favourite specimens of classical and modern music, among the most successful of which was "when all the world is young" (one of the most spirited compositions that have emanated from the pen of the clever *bénéficiaire*) sung by herself, and enthusiastically demanded by the audience, who were further delighted by Miss Philip's charming rendering of a song, "Beware," a setting of Longfellow's well-known words. "The Irish King's ride," a ballad also by Miss Philip (which we have heard is a great favourite in London), was magnificently sung by Miss Sterling, who fairly electrified the audience with the rich, full, contralto tones that floated from her lips. This gifted young artist was applauded in everything she sang, and twice encored. As well as the above mentioned ballad, she gave Rossini's aria, "Elena, oh tu chi'io chiamo," the song, "My head is like to rend," by Miss Philip, and joined in the duet "Le Zingare," and the trios, "Vieni al mar" and "I Naviganti," with Miss Philip and Mr. Mitchell, who, at very short notice, rendered creditable assistance. Anything we could say respecting Madame Alice Mangold's pianoforte playing would faintly interpret the delight experienced by those who had the privilege of hearing her. Anything more sparkling and graceful we cannot imagine, and her performance of a *gavotte* by Bach, elicited a unanimous encore. We learn with pleasure that these favourite artists purpose giving a farewell concert on Monday, the 24th of August. The conductor was Mr. J. H. Coggins, who contributed greatly, by his valuable assistance to the success of the concert.

LEIPSIC.—M. Auber's *Premier Jour de Bonheur* is to be produced on the 16th September.

MUSIC OF INSECTS.

We take the following article from the American *Watchman and Reflector*, because it is both curious and timely. Our readers may verify its assertions—the mosquito “middle *do* or *C*” included—for themselves.

“Any contrivance that will cause two hundred and fifty-six impressions on the ear per second, and those at a uniform distance apart, produces that musical note which ought to be given by a key near the middle of a piano key-board, called middle *do* or middle *C*. If the impressions are more rapid than that, the sound is higher; if slower, then it is lower. The sound may be produced by shot falling on a board or on a sheet of tin, by scraping comb-teeth under a finger-nail, by the vibration of a stretched string, of a piece of metal, or of a tube full of air. The quality of the note depends on the character of the individual impressions, its pitch on the rapidity of them. Hence, if you hear but a single note you can guess very well whether it is from air in a trumpet or the vibration of a string or of a bell. And if you can ascertain the pitch you can calculate the number of vibrations.

“I hear a fly buzzing, and try the keys of a piano till I find one of the same pitch, and then I know that the fly is making one hundred and seventy motions per second of some kind or other. They are the beats of his wings, of course. If an insect makes fewer strokes than sixteen per second he dies silently. The humming-bird makes more, and so he (alone, perhaps, of all birds) makes a note.

“The note of the mosquito that serenaded you last night, is said to be on middle *do* or *C*; if so, you know that the attentive musician made two hundred and fifty-six beats per second; and in the little time wasting her song on your inappreciative ears she made as many beats as there are steps between Boston and New York. The drowsy beetles fly much more leisurely. If you ever imprisoned a bumble-bee in the flower of a pumpkin or squash, you have noticed, then, how fear or a desire to escape has quickened his wings, which ordinarily make but eighty-five beats per second. The same increase of action is noticed in the fly in the spider’s web.

“But the noise of flight is involuntary. Insects do not breathe through their throats, neither does any considerable part of their breath pass through any one channel, for the usual number of stigmata or breath-holes is eighteen. So the insect may be incapable of vocal music. A very few of them are furnished with musical instruments, but, perhaps more have apparatus for producing light than sound. The *cicada* among the *hemiptera*, and the jumping *orthoptera*, that is, the cricket, grasshopper, and locust families, emit sound.

“I find no indubitable evidence of any others, and of these the males are only favoured with musical organs. An Italian naturalist—he must have been badly mated—says, that the reason why the *cicada* and grasshoppers are so merry is because their wives are dumb. But among birds, the male is more gifted with song than the female, though among hawks, at least, the female is larger and stronger. A very wide diversity in the sexes characterizes the whole animal world. I do not mean that the emission of sound, or even the voluntary production of sound is so limited. The ticking of the death-watch by blows given by the jaws against whatever the insect stands on, is done by either sex, and probably for the sound. The death’s-head moth emits a tone caused by some rapid movement, as do bees, after their wings are cut off. Any movement rapidly repeated should produce a note.

“I do not know how the snapping locust, *locusta corallina*, makes its noise when it flies; I suspect that it is involuntary and that it is common to the two sexes. Nature has supplied others of this family with two fiddles apiece, they stand on five legs and double up one of the hindmost to use as a bow. The shank is furnished with rows of short spires like comb-teeth, and by rubbing these back and forth over the edge of the wing cover the elements of a note are obtained. When one leg is tired he uses the other. The sounding-boards to these violins (and in all such instruments—even the human voice—they are very essential) are a couple of cavities in the sides of the abdomen under the first ring and probably also the surface of the wing cover. If locusts have fiddles, the grasshoppers and crickets have tabrets. These are flat discs with ridges. One slides over the other, and the acuteness of the note depends on the frequency with which the ridges strike each other. There is, of course, a cavity beneath to give volume to the sound. The tabrets are attached to (or are a part of) the bases of the wing-covers. The katydid, perhaps the loudest of the grasshoppers, can be heard a quarter of a mile. Lastly, the male cicadas are furnished with a pair of internal kettle-drums, sounded by a complicated set of internal muscles. The requisite sounding cavity is seen by raising two large valves beneath the abdomen. They can be heard a mile.

“Why is this musical apparatus given to one sex only? Perhaps in each of the three cases a like amount of mechanism is required for the boring and sawing apparatus of the female, and an equal amount of space required for the development of the eggs. So, by requiring

music of the male only, the sexes are kept more nearly balanced. They are intended to be different—not inferior and superior.

“The chirping of the cricket is pitched the highest, or nearly so, of any that the human ear can hear. In Southern Europe either they or their neighbours the grasshoppers are kept in cages for their music.”

The balance of the sexes is an exquisite notion. The writer clearly stands in awe of his female neighbours.

HAYDN AND HANS SACHS.*

Some persons may, perhaps, take objection to the fact of Haydn and Hans Sachs being thus placed in juxtaposition, less on account of the long space of time by which they are separated, than on account of the much greater value attached to the muse of Haydn than to that of Hans Sachs. But Hans Sachs was in his day quite as productive and varied as Haydn was in his, and in proof that his poems possess profound and lasting merit, I have one witness worth all the rest put together; I mean Wolfgang Goethe. The muses of Haydn and Hans Sachs are too nearly related in their character, for the juxtaposition of the two men to afford fair ground for objection.

Above all things, a predominating trait in both is their *naïveté*; the childlike simplicity and absence of pretension, the innocent unaffectedness and trueheartedness, the cordial simplicity and good-nature accompanied—as conscious *naïveté* always is—by humour and sprightliness, and sometimes even by sly roguishness, qualities which, when combined, constitute *naïveté*. This greets us in Haydn’s pleasing, incomparably beautiful quartets, just as in his pianoforte compositions, now, alas, nearly forgotten, and even in his symphonies and oratorios. This is precisely what makes us so fond of constantly turning back to the charming and friendly old man; what causes us to be continually finding fresh charms and beauties in his works; what induces us never to be tired of lying on his breast—it is the childlike nature of his genius, the paradise of child-like goodness, which we perceive in the background, and from which we hear his sweet, moving, and peaceful strains issuing forth. Even when he pourtrays the seriousness and the sufferings of life, even when his genius takes a higher flight, to sing the creations of God, to lament with the Redeemer on the Cross, to magnify the seasons of the year, and the works of men, and the power of God in Nature, this friendly, conciliatory tone is always heard, like some angel’s voice.

Just as he was, he wrote. The noble Mastersinger of Nuremberg did the same. How his poetic muse combined *naïveté*, humour, and satire, can be seen nowhere better, and in his own style, too, than in Goethe’s poem, “Hans Sachs’ poetische Sendung,” which, as most persons are aware, was written to revive in Germany that recognition of the old poet which he merits. Only a small number of his poems have been preserved, but they are distinguished by the *naïveté* and good nature to which we have alluded, and by striking, brilliant wit, while his pictures of his own times and the kind of morals then prevalent, are far from deficient in sharp satire.

This *naïveté* extends also to those works, in which the two men treat of matters of faith; both are distinguished for their productiveness in this sphere. We know what enthusiastic homage Hans Sachs paid to the ideas of the Reformation, and to the Reformer in his *Wittenberger Nachtgall*, and how much by his simple and beautiful sacred songs, so full of faith, such as, “Warum betrübst du dich, mein Herz?” and others, he helped to propagate the Reformation, and how, in his Biblical stories, and his version of the Psalms of David, he sang with the power and confidence of a prophet. But what Joseph Haydn did with his numerous motets, cantatas, and oratorios, is nearer our own time and feeling, for the forms of his ideas are those of to-day, and anyone who is not moved by the magnificent choruses of the *Creation*, and of the *Seasons*, anyone who does not acknowledge the master, and the profound creative power of faith, has no perception, no appreciation of the depths of art and of faith. “Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!” he exclaimed, with his eyes lifted towards Heaven, and streaming with tears, as, an old man of 70, he sank down, overpowered by the power of this passage, at the performance of the oratorio in question: “Nicht von mir, von dort kommt Alles!”

* From *Zellner’s Blätter für Theater, Musik u. Kunst*.

WAIFS.

The electric organ from Her Majesty's Opera, Drury Lane, is being erected at the Royal Polytechnic Institution above the proscenium in the great theatre. Messrs. Bryceson have to construct a large and powerful organ to suit the requirements of Her Majesty's Opera, Haymarket, now being rebuilt after the fire, and which will be re-opened next season.

Mr. Punch defines "toned paper" as "sheets of music."

The music halls have at length roused the ire of the *Beehive*, from which there lately proceeded the following angry buzz:—

"To these glaring temples of dissipation our youth are nightly attracted; where they are being gradually trained to drinking habits; where their minds are debased by the low songs and vulgar exhibitions provided for them; and where their morals are undermined and corrupted by contact with loose associates, when their blood is fired and their brains bemuddled with drink. . . . The expenditure incurred in those places of amusement keeps young men poor; causes marriage to be greatly postponed—to the increase of vice; or, if entered into, without the necessary provision for making a comfortable home; while the habits they acquire by going there will too frequently cause them to neglect home and family for their nightly amusements. The temptations of those places have also too frequently caused persons to have recourse to unlawful means for gratifying them; and too often to forfeit place, trust, position, and character. That the young should seek amusement is natural, and that the man of toil also should at times seek relaxation and enjoyment after the labour of the day; but the great evil is in permitting those amusements in connection with *public houses*—nay, to license those places in preference to places of amusement unassociated with drink. . . . To license, in connection with them, music, singing, farce, and folly, to beguile the young and thoughtless, and to lead them into habits of drunkenness and vice in life's earliest spring, is a disgrace to the magistrates that license them, the Government that sanctions, and the Legislature that permits them."

Well done *Beehive*, and yet again, well done.

One of *Mr. Punch's* friends writes thus of the Marquise de Caux's recent appearance among an operatic audience:—

"It was very natural of her, for one pleasure of her honeymoon, to go to the Opera. But may I be allowed, dare I venture to say, that grace and elegance apart, in so doing our sweet Patti reminds me very much of one Bob, the waiter at a tavern near unto Drury Lane. Bob, as perhaps you are aware, when he had got a holiday, was accustomed to spend it in sitting down to one of the tables at which on other days he attended, and causing himself to be served by his fellow-waiters. In suggesting this parallel am I guilty of a base comparison? Nay, say not so. 'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin.' Adorable Patti has ministered to our enjoyment in a very high degree, but so likewise has Bob in no small measure."

The comparison may not be "base," but Mrs. Gamp would certainly call it "cious."

A notice has been issued, by order of the vestry, that the church of St. Michael, Cornhill, will be closed, for the necessary alterations to the organ and other works, till Sunday, the 18th of October next. Bryceson & Co. have already removed the organ to their factory for reconstruction on the electric system.

The following notice of a band's performance at Tramore, a fashionable watering-place near Waterford, from a journal in that city, we think will amuse our readers; as a genuine Irish account, it is certainly racy of the soil:—

"For the first time this season the sweet band of the 56th Regt.—by command of Col. Lacy—performed on the Doneraile Walk on Tuesday, from three to five o'clock, a choice selection of operatic and other classical pieces, in splendid style. The effect was at once grand and sublime, as the concord of sweet sounds arose and rolled away over the dark-blue waters of the Atlantic. The attendance, we regret to say, was neither numerous nor select, in consequence of the treat being altogether unexpected, and only known to a few of the *elite*, whose arrival on the 'Walk'—rearing high their noble heads in feathers and diamonds,—was the signal for renewed exertion to please, on the part of the performers, whose instruments discoursed such eloquent music. 'This human nature of ours,' as a wit once remarked, 'is a very poor affair on the whole,' but it cannot justly be charged with fickleness. We take Dryden to be an authority upon the matter of Jubal's shell.—We all know that 'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' sees things not usually visible to ordinary mortals, and we, therefore, accept without question his assurance, as to the effects of that very primitive instrument. Doubtless the antediluvians thronged around the first musician, eager to hear his strains; and our stereotyped humanity does the same thing now every day in the streets, and on the strand of Tramore, wherever it can lay hold of one of Jubal's descendants. Some time ago while strolling along the strand a steady rain was falling upon the local well-known Orpheus of the town, commonly called 'the Irish Paganini,' whose instrument feebly, and with spasms, emitted the jovial chorus—'Here we are again'; yet standing there in the shower wet and shivering, for the most part hatless and shoeless, were a group of native cookie vendors and

bathing women absorbed in that miserable *fiddle*, with an absorption marvelous to see. We take it that a natural love for music has increased, for if Jubal's shell was anything like so frightful an instrument of torture, then we will disbelieve Dryden altogether. We have only to add that the sublime and really original solos of our modern Orpheus, with their unique and unrivalled accompaniments, comprising concords and discords, *ad libitum* with shakes, shifts, thrills, and slides chromatic,—*con amore*—*con spirito*, &c., &c., have no parallel in modern exhibitions, and would amply repay a pilgrimage to Tramore from the most distant part of the *Île verte de la Musique*.

BASSO PROFUNDO.—A deep draught of bitter beer.

A critic, speaking of Parepa's vocalism, says, "We hang upon every note." This is a proof of the lady's remarkable power of execution.

A Spritualist has predicted that the millennium will come within twenty years, and before that time men will have to work but two hours a day, and there will be a piano in every house.

An instance of throwing one's self about was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady, who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head, and then pitched her voice.

The Connecticut "Congregational Association of Churches" recently passed a resolution that no voluntary pieces shall be sung by choirs unless the words shall be intelligible to the congregation.

In some of the fashionable churches the programmes of the music are printed and distributed in the pews. It is suggested that opera glasses will come next. But that is not the worst calamity that might befall—the ladies might encore a pet parson's sermon!

A BAD SPELL.—A young lady who teaches music in an academy in Western New York, sent an order to a publisher recently, in which she had spelt the words very poorly. She apologized by adding a postscript as follows: "You must excuse this letter, as I pla bi noat butt spel bi ear."

Mr. Campbell, the excellent blind teacher of music at the Perkins Institute of Boston, gives the following as the process by which his blind pupils are taught: He dictates to the whole choir a musical sentence—eight or twelve measures—to be sung; having named the key and rhythm, he tells the sopranos the letter-name and length of every note or rest in every bar consecutively once through; the same to the altos, tenors, and basses; then marks the *tempo* and gives the word to sing. They have all carried their parts in their minds, and they sing the new piece in four-part harmony as accurately as good sight-singers would sing from a book!—*Orpheus*.

Who does not love to make a willow whistle, or to see one made? Can you not recall your first lesson in the art—the cutting of the flexible bough, the choosing a smooth part, passing the knife around it, above and below, pounding it judiciously, wringing it earnestly, and feeling the hollow cylinder of bark at last slipping on the sappy, ivory-white, fragrant wood? That little plaything grew, with growth of art and civilization, to be the great organ which thunders at Haarlem or in Boston. Respect the willow whistle.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Here is a picture of a fashionable American choir, drawn by an American hand:—

"The cock-loft ten feet behind and ten feet above the worshippers; then the fourteen sorts of tune-books; then the balustrade to hide the prisers; then the prisers themselves, who come tripping to their places with exuberant satisfaction and demonstrative delight; then their salutations and greetings, which in any other part of the church would be considered intolerably irreverent (therefore the choir-loft is not recognized as a part of the church, or the inhabitants a part of the worshippers), then the titter—disease which is as incurable in choirs as it is inseparable from them; then solemn singing with a background of merry smiles, hilarious nudging and characteristic (not to say choristeristic) winks; then a grand reconnoitring of tune-books, accompanied by appropriate whispers, during the prayer or the reading of the Holy Bible; then a literary entertainment, or an exchange of pencilled notes on all the great questions that interest the human mind—except religion; then the transformation of the choir loft into a sleeping-car, of which the chorister is the conductor, who wakes up his passengers when it is time to go to praising again."

The Americans are our cousins, and it is not surprising, therefore, that an English eye can discern familiar outlines in this little sketch.

Henry Ward Beecher has been pleading for "simple melodies" after this fashion:—

"It is no wonder that singing has died out from the congregation, when a choir is put to recite words that nobody can understand, to music that nobody knows, and the people are left to listen to newly-converted opera airs which last week were brought over by a fresh *troupe* of foreign singers! And those sweet melodies that staled propriety has long ago driven from the churches, but which have gone forth among the people, and rung out gloriously in camp-meetings, shaking the forest leaves with the ascending shouts of a mighty

people; or which, more gently, have filled rural school-houses and humble lecture rooms and village churches, not yet corrupted by the false pretences of 'classical music,'—those sweet melodies that no one can hear with his ear and not feel his heart beating within his bosom all the faster for the sound—are become the ridicule and contempt of men who think that God must be praised to the sound of Meyerbeer or Rossini, and not to the sweet and humble melodies of our own land."

Without at all pinning our faith to the "sweet and humble melodies" of which Mr. Beecher speaks, we fancy that the popular preacher has good reason to complain of what can only be termed by courtesy the "service music" of American churches.

They have in Boston a miniature locomotive with tender, the former about fifteen inches and the latter about eight inches in length, composed of 188 ounces of silver and 37½ ounces of gold. It is a miniature representation in exact symmetrical proportion of an engine of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad, and in its most minute detail, even to the number of rivets, it accurately represents its great prototype. The engineer and fireman are seen at their posts, and are literally solid (silver) men. The locomotive stands upon a rosewood box, within which is a music box, manufactured in Geneva, and when it commences playing, the driving wheels and the eccentric rods and the working parts move in perfect unison to aise from the *Grand Duchess*, five of which are given, including "Le sabre de mon pere" and "J'aime le militaire." The locomotive (value 4,500 dollars) is to be presented to G. W. Ferry, the master mechanic of the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad.

Ambroise Thomas has been nominated a Commander of the Legion of Honour.

Mdlle. Marie Cruvelli died at Bielefeld, in Prussia, on the 26th ult.

L'Art Musical says that "the poet, H. F. Chorley," has resigned his place on the *Athenaeum*, and has been succeeded by "M. Francis Barnett, a composer of talent."

Signor Bottesini is playing at Baden with extraordinary success.

It is reported that M. Pasdeloup will take the direction of the Théâtre-Lyrique.

With reference to the Gloucester Festival, *La France Musicale* gives us a curious example of French inability to spell English names. Our contemporary speaks of Sines Reeves, Lewis Thomer, Santluy, and Dr. Wesley.

Alboni has decided not to reappear upon the stage. *Tant pis.*

Mr. Maurice Strakosch has engaged the new American singer, Miss Minnie Hauck, for four years.

Mr. Summers's "New Ode," the words of which were written by the Rev. Dr. Bromby, and bear on the attempted assassination of Prince Alfred in Sydney, was performed at the Princess's Theatre, on Monday evening, for the benefit of the Alfred Memorial Fund.—*Melbourne Paper*, May 23rd.

Mr. Millar, lately appointed bandmaster of H.M. 14th Regiment, has arrived at Melbourne.

We quote the following from the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, August 14th, 1863:—

"XXVI.—Elementary Musical Composition (Tonic Sol-fa System). Examiner—G. A. Macfarren, Esq.

"147. The candidate will be required to compose a tune and harmonize it (note against note) for four voices, the initial notes of the melody, the number of measures, the number and character of the cadences, and the changes of key being given.—148. A verse of poetry being given, the candidate will compose for it an air with a bass, properly accentuating the words and generally expressing their sentiment.—149. The candidate will write a short composition for four voices of a given length and to given words.—150. The exercises may be written either in the established or in the Tonic Sol-fa notation, and candidates will be admitted, on whatever system they have studied, provided they pass the previous test, which will be prepared by the examiner, and furnished to each local board, on application to the secretary of the Society of Arts."

—o—

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR.—You ask me whether I can elucidate "a very obscure passage," as Theobald (who had no fancy, and will ever remain in obscurity) calls it, extracted from the play entitled *King John*, a work by good William Shakspere, my very dear and constant friend (who had fancy and never was obscure); and to please you I open my shilling volume (the poor scholar's edition by Dicks, or Routledge, or Warne, and a more precious one than the most costly in Ellesmere's library shelves) and proceed to elucidate:—

QUEEN ELINOR. Whether hadst thou rather—be a Faulconbridge,
And like thy brother, to enjoy the land,
Or the reputed son of Cœur de Lion;
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside?

BASTARD. Madam, an' if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd! m' face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose,
Lest men should say, "Look, where three-farthings goes!"
And to his shape, were heir to all this land—
Would I might never stir from off this place,
I'd give it every foot to have this face;
I would not be Sir Nob in any case.

King John, act i., sc. 1, lines 134—137.

There are roses and roses. The flower-pot hath its rose, wherewith to arroser the roses. Edward the Third of England had also a rose which he termed a rose noble, and its current value was 6s. 8d., wherewith, no doubt, to arroser the lawyers. It was a foppish custom of the period in which the good Shakspere lived for men to wear earrings, and some gentlemen who took great pride in their personal appearance would carry, attached to their earrings, pendants of golden coins—as the Turkish women do to the present day. When the Bastard refers to sticking "a rose" in his ear, he is talking of an earring decorated with a rose noble. The Bastard, wishing to wound the feelings of his half-brother, meanly abuses him for the singular leanness of his countenance, and savagely intimates that any person meeting the lank-jawed wretch, and seeing the thin rims of the rose nobles, and the hatchet "face so thin" between them would, in disgust, instantly exclaim, "Look where three farthings goes," thus adding injury to insult, not only by rudely commenting upon the man's unpleasant features, but by reducing the value of the golden coin to that of the vilest brass money. It is true that the rose noble was not issued until long after King John was disposed of, but Shakspere sometimes permitted inaccuracies rather than sacrifice a witticism.—Yours as always,
Twickenham Flats.

AUGUSTUS MONTPELIER ROWE.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.—STEPHEN MASSETT'S LECTURE.—Stephen Massett, "Jeems Pipes," delivered his new descriptive lecture, "Sixty Minutes in Japan and China," in the Mercantile Library Hall, on the 16th ult. to a large, intelligent, and appreciative audience. The lecture was very interesting, and was well delivered. The lecturer gave a graphic description of the principal towns in Japan and China, of their inhabitants, their manners and customs, and alluded to the probable results of Mr. Burlingame's mission. During the course of his lecture, he related numerous anecdotes in connection with the inhabitants, both natives and foreigners, which served to relieve the monotony of description. He was frequently applauded. After he had completed his lecture, he sang two of his popular songs, "When shall I see my darling again," and "Sunset," which were followed by an original humorous sketch entitled "The Art of Making a Speech," and also imitations of Madame Anna Bishop, Edwin Forrest, and Mark Twain's first interview with Artemus Ward—all of which were well rendered, and kept his audience in a constant roar of laughter.

DARMSTADT.—The concert given by the Cologne Association of Male Voices a short time since, in the orangery of the Grand Duke, in aid of the funds for erecting a monument to the Abbé Vogler, brought in a sum of 1800 florins.

HOMBURG.—M. Gounod's *Faust* has been given by the Italian Company. Mdlle. Artôt was much applauded as Margherita.

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